

MADRIGAL 15,



NATURE'S pride, Love's pearl, Virtue's
perfection,

In sweetness, beauty,
grace. Of body, face, affection

Hath glory, brightness, place In
rosy cheeks, clear eyes, and heavenly mind;
All which, with wonder, honour, praise, take
race To charm, to shine, to fly, with Fame's
protection.

Mine heart the first, mine eyes next, third my
thought Did wound, did blind, did bind ; Which
grieved, obscured, and wrought Heart, eyes, and
senses with such imperfection^ That in their
former comfort, sight, and kind

They moved, gazed, and sought, Yet found
not, in what order, sort, and case Of tears,
plaints, sighs, with seas, with murmur, wind

To find, to get, t⁵ embrace Nature's
pride, Love's pearl, Virtue's perfection.

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LEEP PHCEBUS still, in glaucy THETIS'
lap!

JOVE'S eagle's piercing eyes,
be blind, Soft things whose touch is
tickle to the mind, Give no like touch, all
joys in one to wrap.

All instruments, all birds and
voices Make no such heavenly music in
their kind. No fruits have such sweet
sap, No root such juices,

No balm so much rejoices. O
breath, exceeding every rich perfume !